

Halo: A New Balance

by Ny'Kle

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Summary: Master Chief will meet the Race, will he kill every one in sight? Or will he bring a new group of aliens to fight a new enemy...? Please R&R.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*Date: [6/17/23,567] Place: bridge of the '127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Emperor Hetto', Bannership of the 3\*\*\*\*rd\*\*\*\* Conquest Fleet \*\***

"Exalted Fleetlord, we are detecting a large object, range: 50,000 kilometers out." A tech on the bridge called out.

"Identify the object, "Fleetlord Atvar said.

"Approximately 480 meters in length, irregularly shaped, computers classify it as a large asteroid."

"Is it a threat to Home?"

"Its projected trajectory, places it to impact in the vicinity of the Capitol."

"It scans out as mainly titanium, and has a stronger than average background radiation."

"What can we do to stop it?"

"The computers recommend an impact and explosion of 30 megatons." [1 megaton= 1,000,000tons TNT]

"Do it"

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**\*\*Date: [Error] Place: Cryo-Bay A, FFG-201 'Forward unto Dawn'; in orbit around unknown planet \*\***

"Chief, wake up Chief!" Cortana yelled.

The figure in the frosted over pod looked around, the helmet lights flashing on.

The figure, throwing off the pods door, leaps up.

Grabbing the over head bar, the figure pushed its armored feet to the deck.

Standing to its full seven feet, two inches; it turned its golden visor to face the blue holographic woman on the pedestal.

"What is the situation?" it asked.

"First of all, I do know where we are- for once."

"Second, we are in a degrading orbit around a planet, a planet that seems to be the home world for a unknown species."

"Third and not least, they seem to have a fleet of about one hundred seventy-seven star ships. Most look to be sleeper ships, ships made for transporting colonists in cryosleep."

"The reason I woke you now, is that I'm detecting a laser guidance beam, similar to a missile guidance beam."

"so are we going to hail them and try to get back to the UNSC?" the tall, armored person asked.

Um, that's a problem, so see- wait, Chief, they've launched! The remaining sensors detect it's a nuke, round-about 30 megatons."

"Impact in 60 seconds, Chief."

"Chief get to the hangar, there's a single longsword and four pelicans still in the hangar, go for the pelicans it'll take 45 seconds to prep for emergency brake away". Cortana said as the Chief launched himself, in the 'Forward unto Dawns' zero gravity, toward the hangar.

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"Exalted Fleetlord, 30 seconds until impact and detonation."

"Good"

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"Chief! 15 seconds, I'm diverting power from the pelican prepping to the Gausse turrets!"

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"Impact in, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, one- uh, what just happened?"

"What do you mean what happened?" demanded Atvar.

"Exalted Fleetlord sir, the computers have lost contact with the nuclear missile, sir. We don't know what happened to it."

"Sir, an radio beam is emanating from the object."

"Obtain an video picture of the object now."

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"You cut that a little close, Cortana" Chief said.

"I barely managed to divert enough power to the Gausse turret to get a full charge."

"I'm going to reroute power to the engines, slow us down, but I cannot correct our orbit."

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"What in the name of the emperor is that?" Shiplord Kirel, captain of the 127th Hetto, muttered softly.

"Get a video of the object for ten seconds before and after contact with the missile."

The object was a star ship, of sorts. It had a geometric main hull, two pontoons' with what looked to be engine ports.

The ship was cut, keel to upper decks, at a slight angle. It looked like some giant had taken a cleaver to the ship, cutting and meting through the ship. The cut was smooth, not twisted, or mangled, just sliced through, with some melting.

"What, in all that is good in this universe could have done that to a ship of that size, I mean, look at the hull, at this distance, you should just be able to tell the difference between the hull and the inner decks, that is , with the Hettos' optics" a technician said to the male beside him.

"Exalted Fleetlord, sensors are detecting incoming radio waves, it seems that it is either an uncrewed drone or a crewed warship. It is trying to match wave lengths"

Fleetlord Atvar paused and said "Prepare a scout team to investigate the alien ship"

"Yes Exalted Fleetlord"

## 2. Chapter 2

"Well, that got their attention."

"So what now?" asked Chief.

"I suggest loading up the Longsword; unless these new aliens can help us correct our orbit, the 'Dawn' will crash."

"So, let's get started."

**\*\*VIDEO LINK TO EMPERORS PALACE [FROM 127\*\*\*\*\*TH\*\*\*\*\* HETTO]\*\***

"What do you mean, 'alien spacecraft'?" one of the Emperors advisors demanded.

'Just that, an alien ship is in orbit around Home, or rather a decaying orbit. Now, I need to speak to the Emperor."Fleetlord Atvar said.

'I will not bother the Exalted Emperor over something as unbelievable as First Contact in Home orbit."

Atvar quivered in rage at the stupidity of some people.

"Well, if you don't tell him, then, if that scout team I'm sending in finds any living beings, then I guess then the Emperor will have First Contact at his front door."

"You sent a team? You don't have the authority-"

"I have every authority, I am the Fleetlord! I am the Emperors chosen military leader! The Emperor is my only Boss! Now you go and put my Boss on the line, NOW!"

The Imperial advisor shrank under Atvars rage.

Atvar turned away from the monitor. He turned to Putin, his aide.

"-[translates as "Dumb arses"] Atvar said.

'Truth" Putin agreed, though it was his job to agree with Atvar, this time he did agree.

**\*\*Armory 4B, FFG-201 'Forward unto Dawn'; in orbit around still unknown planet\*\***

Chief gathered the guns.

Four MA5Cs, in case his was lost. M6s. SMGs; basically two of everything.

"Chief, the Navigation radar detects a small craft, the size of a Phantom."

"Which side?"

"Starboard side"

**\*\*Shuttlecraft of the Race CR-1374921, in route to the Unidentified Starship.\*\***

"Ok, there will be no 'fire-on-sight' unless the order is given by me, understood?"

"Yes Sir, Superior Sir!" The Vac-Suited Infantry Males chorused.

Ttomlass, the science person, fidgeted. He was a psychologist, not a field researcher, but the Fleetlord had taken the nearest person of any scientific knowledge, which happened to be him.

"I wonder what kind things we'll find in there." He wondered out loud.

"Senior Infantry Small- Group-Leader Chook, we are nearing the object, I see what looks like an opening. I am sealing the cockpit, prepare to depressurize."

"You hear the Senior Shuttlecraft Pilot, helmets on, check the seals."

"Yes Sir, Superior Sir!" The Infantry Males chorused.

**\*\*Hull Breach, Deck 5, Hallway 8B, FFG-201 'Forward unto Dawn'\*\***

"It looks like one of the UNSCs' shuttles" Commented Master Chief, eyeing the craft through the scope of his SR-99AM sniper rifle. He had a full magazine of 14.4mm x 114mm Discarding Sabot (High Velocity Bullets), ready to fire if needed.

"It looks like they're going to board near us, Chief we should get back, they could have infrared sensors, and I don't think you want to show yourself yet, hmm?"

"Right again." Chief answered simply.

**\*\*Unknown Corridor, Unknown Deck, on Unknown Alien Star Ship.\*\***

Ristin covered Ullhass, as Ullhass made the jump from the shuttlecraft to the alien ship.

Soon, the Squad was in the corridor, the shuttlecraft banking away, to the judged standby distance.

Apparently, the aliens who made this ship were much larger than a Male of the Race (4 feet, 2 inches average), that much was certain, as the corridor was nearly large enough to drive a car through.

They advanced down the corridor, and came to a sealed door. It had no visible means of openingâ€¦

**\*\*Engineering, Power Grid.\*\***

"So what do we need to do, Cortana?"

"We need to activate the artificial gravity; it will make First Contact easier. We also need to turn on the doors, and life support systems."

"Tell me what to do."

**\*\*Locked Pressure Door, Unknown Corridor, on alien Star Ship.\*\***

Suddenly, the lights flashed on.

Immediately, Squad scattered to the sides, covering all possible points of ambush.

Ristin and Ullhass were covering the door.

A green light on the center of the door appeared.

There was a click, and the door slide apart.

An alien voice, droned.

The science person, Ttomlass said, " Strange, automatic doors?"

The Squad took a chance, and piled into the small space. The door closed behind them. There was a hissing sound.

The far wall opened, reviling itself to be another door.

"My atmospheric Detection device shows that there is air pressure and that it matches Homes pressure and that it should be breathable."

Ristin could not contain himself any longer. "What are the chances that an alien race would have the same requirements as the Race?"

"Remember, Small-Squad-Infantry-Male, the Race views itself as the basis for all comparisons. It also views Home as the basis for all comparisons of planets. This merely shows that the Race and Home are the Normal in the Galaxy."

Suddenly, everybody dropped to the floor.

"What is this madness?"

"Artificial Gravity?"

"Impossible, the Race already proved, thousands of years ago, that artificial gravity was impossible, and so it is." Ttomlass said.

"Then how in an Emperorless after-life, are we standing, in normal gravity, in an alien space craft?" Squad-Leader Chook fired back.

**\*\*Deck 5, Hallway 8B, Near Armory 4C.\*\***

"Those aliens don't seem to like the artificial gravity."

"I don't like them. They remind me too much of Jackals." Chief said.

"We should drawback, they're coming this way."

### 3. Chapter 3

**\*\*Unknown Corridor, overlooking some sort of Hanger, on Alien Ship.\*\***

There were gasps of awe and terror.

Below them was a large room, capable of housing an entire Land Cruiser Combat-Group.

The room was mostly empty, but what was in it, left the Highly Trained Soldiers of the Race Terrified of whoever built this ship.

As they made their way down, they passed two vehicles that were docked or something, any way, they Ttomlass took all the pictures he could.

There were three Land Cruisers, or what could be called Land Cruisers. They were massive, having the treads placed on four separate modules, each with independent suspension. The turret was in the rear of the tank, with a gun barrel that, while smaller in terms of diameter when compared to that of a Land Cruiser of the Race, the Males of the Race had no doubt that it was no less deadly.

But all that was not the terrifying thing.

The terrifying thing was that the armor, which was very thick, and made of a metal/ceramic composite armor-though of a higher metal-to-ceramic mixture- and over [8 inches] thick, all of the Alien Land Cruisers had 'melted craters', places on the armor where it was melted, places where [4-6 inch] deep craters and melted holes peppered the sides, like bullet holes.

The question was in everyone's mind: 'what kind enemies did the Makers of this ship have?'

One of the Alien Land Cruisers was smashed into a stack of very large cratesâ€|

**\*\*Deck 5, Hallway 8B, Over Looking The Hanger.\*\***

'Dang, do they look like Jackals.' John thought.

He was viewing them through the scope of the sniper rifle.

"They look very interested in the scorpion tanks, don't they?"Cortana piped.

"Yesâ€| so, Cortana, how are we going to make contact? I don't think me just walking out of the shadows is such a good idea."

"Ha, the caveman is using his head," Cortana said. "Pretty soon, I'm going to be out of a job."

"Hhmmâ€|" was the only response.

**\*\*Blocked Corridor Entrance, Hanger Level, Unknown Alien Star Ship.\*\***

Ristin looked for a way past the smashed crates.

One of the other Males started to climb over the crates.

Squad-Leaded Chook called out to be careful, not to crack or break his helmet, because the Hanger is in vacuum.

Soon the entire Squad was past the blocked entrance.

They came to a door that, unlike the others, was not caked shut with ice (Ttomlass had put forth that since this craft had an atmosphere, and had reduced power, that the atmosphere in the ship had condensed into solids).

Ristin, the point-Male, approached the door.

It opened.

**\*\*Unknown Armory, Deck at Hanger Level, Alien Star Ship.\*\***

Inside was a weapons stockpile.

The males approached the guns. A few tried to handle some of the weapon, those that they could pick up.

There were massive rifles, vaguely similar to the Personal Automatic Weapons. The only similarities were that it had a grip- an oddly shaped one- a charging handle, a barrel, and a magazine.

Everything was different. The rifles grip was part of the butt stock, the magazine loaded from behind the grip, and the ejection port for the spent cartridges was also behind the grip.

**\*\*Deck 5, Hallway 8B, inside Armory 4C.\*\***

"Chief, that Lizard is about to trigger the firing stud on that loaded Rocket Launcher."

Chief made his move.

**\*\*Unknown Armory, Deck at Hanger Level, Alien Star Ship.\*\***

Suddenly, a giant shadow in the back corner, moved.

Ullzic, the male with the oddly shaped weapon that had a set of two tubes, dropped it.

All the Males, spun to face this threat, PAW-I's pointing at the shadow.

**\*\*Armory 4C.\*\***

The Master Chief and the squad of 9 lizards stood off.

One of the Lizards moved a tremble.

Chief wiped the 7.62mm (30 caliber) Assault Rifle and aimed at the offending Lizard.

"Chief, I've been listening to the Lizards speech. I think I have a workable translation."

"Let's see."



**\*\*Unknown Armory.\*\***

"Who are you?"

Squad Leader Chook fell over, fainted away with surprise and fright.

#### 4. Chapter 4

**\_\*\*I don't own halo or the world war series.\*\*\_**

Last timeâ€|

Squad Leader Chook fell over fainted away with surprise and fright.

**\*\*Armory 4 C\*\*.**

"Who are you, really Chief?" Cortana sounded disbelieving inside Chiefs helmet. "First Contact with an alien race that's not Covenant, and hasn't shot us, yet and the first thing you say is 'who are you?'"

"Well, what was I supposed to say, it's not like they tell you what to say."

All this was spoken in private, with the external speakers off.

**\*\*Unknown Armory.\*\***

The very tall green thing in that full body suit just stood there.

It had spoken in the language of the Race. A very deep voice, too deep to be a natural voice.

**\*\*Armory 4 C.\*\***

"Fine"

Chief turned his attention back to the Lizards.

"Who are you, where is my ship at, why was my ship shot at by a nuclear missile?"

The Lizards all jumped back at the sudden sound of his voice.

The Lizard in the front stepped.

It hissed and popped and squeaked.

**\*\*Unknown armory.\*\***

"I am Ristin; I am a Soldier in the Empire of the Race. This is the Squad that I am a part of.

Your ship is Orbit around our Home world, called Home. I believe that

your ship was mistaken as an asteroid, and since it was in a collision course with Home, they tried to remove the threat.

Now, what is your name if I may ask, fellow soldier?"

**\*\*Armory 4 C\*\***

Cortana translated.

I am John. My ship's name is 'Forward unto Dawn'.

Hisses, pops.

"Forward into the Dawn? Neat name, but too long, we need something short and quickâ€¦ how about we call it the 'Dawn'?" the one identified as Ullhass, said.

"Well, that was its name to the soldiers that were last on itâ€¦ Let us go."

**\*\*Hull Breach, Deck 5, Hallway 8B, 'Forward unto Dawn'\*\***

"Uhâ€¦ Fleetlord? We might have a problem."

'\_What kind of problem?\_'

"A size problem."

'\_Hmph, how big a size problem?\_'

"Oh, about [1200lbs] of problem. Sir, First Contact made, the problem is, the being is the size of three Makes standing on each other's shoulders.

**\*\*Same Place.\*\***

"Uh, Squad leader Chook? I may have a solution."

"Speak."

"My ship is equipped with several shuttles. In fact, I was readying one right beforeâ€¦ uhâ€¦ myâ€¦ ship computers engaged the ship's Point Defense weapons."

Chook focused both eye turrets at him.

"Fine, but to make sure you don't do anything funny, Ristin, Ullhass, you're up."

**\*\*Hanger.\*\***

Chief stowed his 'bag of goodies', as Cortana called it, in the stowage netting, above the transport compartment seats.

He showed the Lizards where to sit.

"Can I sit in the front seat?" The one...

"Ristin." Cortana provided.

"Sure Ristin"

\*\*Pelican Kilo-2-3.\*\*

Hey Cortana, how did Hocuses Pelican make it back to the Dawn?"

"When the fall-back order was given, she transported the squad back to the Dawn and left the Pelican."

"Here we go."

\*\*127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Hetto.\*\*

"Fleetlord sir! New contact! No IFF!"

"Easy, it's the Alien. It has my Fleetlord given clearance to dock with the Hetto."

"Yes Sir, Exalted Fleetlord sir."

## 5. Chapter 5

\_\*\*I do not own halo or the world war series.\*\*\_

Last time.

"Easy, it's the Alien. It has my Fleetlord given clearance to dock with the Hetto."

"Yes Sir, Exalted Fleetlord sir."

\*\*Pelican Kilo-2-3. Enroute to the Lizard ship: "127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Emperor Hetto".\*\*

The little lizard was amazed at everything.

"So if this is a shuttlecraft, then why is it open to vacuum?"

"I'm not sure, but it seems likely that it was hit, and breached while in combat."

"Combat with what?"

\*\*Pel-ic-an, kelo two- thre.\*\*

The tall, green, suited Alien did not answer for some time.

"This enemy has tried to make my species extinct. And they've been doing a good job of it."

'\_What? An enemy that can make a species extinct?'

"Wait, we're here."

\*\*Pelican Kilo-2-3. Docking With 127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Hetto.\*\*

How are we going to dock?

"127th Hetto, this is uh, Shuttlecraft Kilo 2-3, requesting docking instructions, be advised, shuttlecraft is unpressurized, repeat hull is breached."

"Shuttlecraft designation "Kelo 2-3, proceed to docking air-lock 4-8-B, confirm?"

"Kilo 2-3, confirms, air lock 4-8-B, also be advised, we have no autopilot, our approach and docking will be manual."

"127th docking Master acknowledges."

"Docking Master, we are in; you can close the air lock, and begin pressurizing."

\*\*Inside Docking 'Hanger' 4-8-B. 127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Hetto.\*\*

Now Ristin got to see the Shuttlecraft in full light.

It was the same green as the Aliens suite, but was covered in black-burnt craters.

Just like the Land-Cruisers in the 'Dawns' Hangerâ€|

They weren't from bullets, or missiles, so what could burn through several inches of Land-Cruiser armor and in bullet-spray marks?

The Alien was surrounded by armed Infantry Males.

"Will you lay down any and all weapons peacefully?" The Leader said.

"Do you want to try and take them yourself?" the Alien said.

"No."

"Then you just answered your own question."

Despite the seriousness of the situation, Ristin's mouth fell open in a laugh.

"Infantry Male Leader, Stand Down!" The intercom barked out.

\*\*Unknown room (Probably the Bridge) in the Lizard ship 127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Hetto.\*\*

The Fleetlord had ordered that the two Males that had accompanied the Master Chief to continue accompanying him.

The Fleetlord was wearing very elaborate body paint.

\_"Who are you? What is your name and position?"\_

"I am John. My Rank is 'Master Chief Petty Officer'. That is the highest rank any enlisted person can reach". But you may call me 'Chief', or 'Master Chief'."

\_"What species are you?"\_

"I am Human."

\_"What Empire do you hail from?"\_

"I come from no empire. It is called the United Nations. It is a group of unified factions; they have a Space Command, which is a branch of government that resides over the colonies."

\_"How can there be no single, unified government?"\_

"Well I guess that back on Earth, our Species' Home world, the geography divided the factions from one another so that, one just could not gain the upper hand above one faction long enough to conquer it, before another faction conquered it."

**\*\*Bridge, 127th Emperor Hetto. \*\***

The Fleetlord and the 'Human', spoke for a long time.

Ristin took this time to study the Human.

It was completely covered from head to foot, in heavy, green painted metal. It seemed that the Human used it as armor.

That made sense, Ristin thought, because if whatever enemy the Human had, if it had weapons that could do what he had seen done to the Human Land Cruisers and the Human Shuttlecraft, then it would make sense that the Humans would make a way to protect themselves.

But if it weighted so much, then how did the Human move?

\_"â€|So how was your 'computers' able to make a translation so quickly?"\_

"What I'm about to tell you, I'm not supposed to."

"I have an Artificial Intelligence."

\_"A what?"\_

"A Living Computer. A computer whose circuits are mapped off a Human brain."

\_"Wait so you mean to tell us you have â€| â€| person who's essence has been converted into a computer program?" \_

"Yes."

The bridge was silent.

\_"Well, you know, that would make navigating the Internet a lot easier."\_ One of the Technicians piped up.

"You have no idea." Cortana said, using the suites external speakers.

Chief held out his hand.

A blue, slightly see-through, form appeared on his hand.

Everyone started whispering.

Ristin just stared.

It was in the form of a Big Ugly.

The inhabitant of Tosev 3, the planet that the Race, was setting out to Conquer.

"\_Well this is awkward," \_Ristin thought.

## 6. Chapter 6

\_\*\*I don't own halo or the world war series \*\*\_

\*\*Last time\*\*

"\_Wait, so you mean to tell us you have a person whose essence has been converted into a computer program?"\_

"Yes"

The bridge was silent.

"\_Well, you know, that would make navigating the Internet a lot easier"\_ One of the Technicians piped up.

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"\_Well this is awkward," \_Ristin thought.

\*\*Bridge, 127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Emperor Hetto, Bannership of the Race.\*\*

'No, how can this be?' thought Atvar as he saw the living hologram, a living hologram of a Big Ugly.

The armed Security Males raised their automatic weapons.

'That probably wouldn't help them much.' He thought.

"You, Human how did this come to be? We sent a survey probe 2820 years ago. So that would be 1400 of yours, Tosev 3s years ago. What changed?"

"\_1400 years ago was 1153 AD. That was the Crusades, we only had swords and spears back then.\_"

"\_Now we have tanks, Land Cruisers to you; space ships, the ability to travel faster than the speed of light-"\_

"Impossible! You lie!" Many of the Males on the bridge started to yell.

"\_Then how do you think I got here? We were in battle, above an ancient space station, one that is over 100,000 of mine-50,000 of yours- years old. We won but had to set the reactors of a smaller station that had crashed, to over load. As we were fleeing, the Portal, a link between the Station and my world, collapsed, leaving the rear half of my ship somewhere in between the station and my world. That is what cut my ship in two."\_

Ttomlass spoke up. "Maybe but it is known that it is impossible to move faster than the speed of light because of the way physics works."

That living computer spoke. \_"Ha, but what if the affects of physics didn't apply to Faster than Light Travel?"\_

"How would you escape the affects of physics? Everything in the dimension is affected by physics: time, speed, mass, volume, density. Explain."

"\_Easy, go to a place where the physics there are not the same, speed, time, acceleration, velocity, and others."\_

"How?"

"Leave this dimension"

Silence.

"\_Maybe we should talk about something else."\_ John spoke up.

"Yes, lets. Why are you here, what do you wish to accomplish?"

**\*\*Edge of the Tau Ceti Solar System.\*\***

The bulbous shape of an unidentified ship blocked the stars behind it.

"Commander, the sensors detect a distress signal. It matches the human ship 'Forward unto Dawn'."

The commander leans forward, \_"we found it; we found the Demon."

—

"Sir, the sensors also detect an elaborate detection system. It includes photo sensors, radar, infrared, and probably others that we cannot detect at this range. There also appears to be a small fleet of small ships in orbit around the second planet closest to the star. That is also where the signal of the human ship is."

"Stay out of range of the sensors until we can find out what their capabilities are."

"Yes Ship Leader."

\*\*Any on guess who's here?\*\*

## 7. Chapter 7

\_\*\*Last time.\*\*\_

\*\*Edge of the Tau Ceti Solar System.\*\*

The bulbous shape of an unidentified ship blocked the stars behind it.

"Commander, the sensors detect a distress signal. It matches the human ship 'Forward unto Dawn'."

The commander leans forward, \_"we found it; we found the Demon."

—

"Sir, the sensors also detect an elaborate detection system. It includes photo sensors, radar, infrared, and probably others that we cannot detect at this range. There also appears to be a small fleet of small ships in orbit around the second planet closest to the star. That is also where the signal of the human ship is."

"Stay out of range of the sensors until we can find out what their capabilities are."

"Yes Ship Leader."

\*\*Any on guess who's here?\*\*

\*\*VIDEO LINK TO EMPERORS PALACE [FROM 127\*\*\*\*\*TH\*\*\*\*\* HETTO]\*\*

"So, you are the Alien that has been making my day so interesting?"

"I guess I am"

Atvar stood in shock. No one had ever spoken to an Emperor like that, like an equal.

He waited for the sky to fall.

He looked back at the screen.

The Emperor was laughing!

"Ha, it has been a while since someone spoke so bluntly, I must emit, it is refreshing after all this political nonsense."

"Sir, what is to become of me?"The Alien asked.

Before even the Alien could react, the shipboard Protocol Officer wacked the Alien in his armored head.



'Now', Atvar thought, 'I need to worry about is a hull breach caused by flung Protocol Officers'.

"You are to respond to him as 'Most Exalted Emperor' and only speak when spoken to."

The Emperor had seen.

The Aliens heavily armored head slowly turned to face the offending Male.

Its head turned at just the right speed to make everyone watching unconvertible.

The Alien slowly rose from its kneeling position it was in to use the screen, and rose to tower over the -now quiet terrified Male.

"It is not often that a living thing strikes me, and lives very long after"

The Male was now very scared.

"BOO."

The Male fled.

All the people watching stared at him. Even the Emperor.

Cortana, the Aliens living computer spoke up, " You know, I think you enjoy doing that to people Chief."

The Alien sighed, "I can't help it sometimes."

\*\*500 meters off the Port Side of the Alien ship, designation:  
\*\*\*Forward unto Dawn.\*\*

Teets looked at the alien ship.

It was huge, and it was only half a ship.

It had big blocky engines hanging off the rear.

They had what looked like \_shields\_ covering the engine.

If they are so advanced, then why do they need something as primitive as a shield?

What use would a shield do in space combat? Space combat is not much more than star-ships tossing nukes at each other, right?

Teets went to thinking, which is why he was flight leader.

The ship is very heavily armored. So either it is meant for fighting in range of ground based AA units, because armor is useless in space combat, right? Or that there are strange enemies that have star ships, and not nuclear weapons.

The Alien uses projectile based weapons. So the ships weapons are most likely also projectile based; so if worst came to worst, Teets and his flight could have time to dodge,

But then again, Teets and the flight had been shown pictures of the Aliens shuttlecraft. It was shot up and damaged by melted craters. Not bullets, not rockets, not cannon. So what could do that-

A shadow moved against the background of stars.

Teets wasted no time. He thumbed the Comm. button, the one linked to the Fleetlord.

"Fleetlord, Security Killer craft flight has probable contacts, unidentified. Permission to investigate"

It was not the Fleetlord that answered. It was a females' voice.

"Describe the contact."

"Small, fast, and very maneuverable."

"How small?" there was urgency in her voice.

"About half the size of that Aliens shuttlecraft, but much more slim."

"Flight Leader, do not engage, repeat: Do Not Engage, Return to the Ship at once."

'What, why?' the question rang out in his head.

"Understood"

\*\*Fleetlord' private conference room 127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Hetto, with video link to Emperors Palace. \*\*

The Shiplords had convened very fast.

"The Alien and his Living Computer were the ones to ask for this emergency meeting."

Shiplord Strata stood. "Why?"

The Humans Computer stood on the holographic projector.

She was replaced by a gun camera picture.

It was stars.

The view zoomed in to a missing patch of stars.

'Thermal enhance" she said.

The rest of the picture flashed black, the patch a dark blue.

Thermal Enhance, with Reverse colors."

Now they could see it.

The colds turned bright red. And warms turned black.

It was a very small flying thing.

The screen changed, and a picture of a strange flying thing appeared beside it, the background a burning alien city. The background faded white.

The two pictures the gun camera picture, and the Aliens picture, overlaid each other.

They were a match.

The room, including the video link to the Emperor.

"And what is that thing?"

"It is called the "Type-27 Exoatmospheric Multi-Fighter."

"But our Human soldiers call it the "Space Banshee."

"What is it?"

"It is the main Space interceptor of the Covenant, the alien faction that has been waging Genocide on our species for two and a half decades."

"Why is it here?"

"It is a short ranged ship, so it would have to have a home ship near. It would be impossible to tell if it is hostile though."

"If they're here, then that would lead me to think that you led them here" the Emperor spoke up for the first time.

"Once again, I must stress, that they could be friendly's. The Alien said.

If they've been waging genocide, then how can they be friendly's," Shiplord Strata demanded.

"There was recently a major break up in the Covenant, one that was directly, and indirectly Master Chiefs fault. It resulted in the Covenants, main fighters, called the Elites, to break away from the Covenant. Some lies and truths were revealed, and the Elites were declared enemies of the Covenant, like the Humans are. "Cortana said.

"The Humans and the Elites joined forces. Together, we beat the Covenant, but the Covenant went to Earth, our 'Home". They attacked, and opened a giant-ancient hidden thing beneath the ground. It linked to that big Station. The enemy made its last stand there. As we set the reactors of one of their landed ships to detonate, the portal linking the station to earth, collapsed."

"That was awhile ago, and things may have changed." Cortana finished.

"Wait, Cortana, how long ago was that?"

"Uh, there is an error."

"What do you mean?"

Well-

"Fleetlord! The satellite grid detects an unidentified ship! It is over one kilometer long."

"Fleetlord, I suspect that your weapons are not suited for a battle like this."Cortana stated.

"Fleetlord, I need to get my weapons." Master Chief said.

"Of Course. The Killer craft pilot that found the 'banshee' will escort your shuttlecraft."

**\*\*Passing Tau Ceti 4 orbit.\*\***

"Shipmaster, the Aliens have a very advanced, very low profile defense grid. It is very advanced, perhaps even as advanced as the humans, but there is a lack of the human's orbital cannons."

"We should not underestimate it. Reminder, the Humans nuclear minefields?"

"Yes Shipmaster."

The Shipmaster looked at the planet in the distance.

'My family's name will forever be remembered in the Covenant' he thought.

Shipmaster Kantus 'Morom'ee, captain of the CPVS class Stealth Cruiser 'Unrelenting', smiled.

He would be known as the Sangheili that destroyed the Demon, the one that started the Great Schism. The one that incited the great Arbiter into heresy.

**\*\*It would appear that things here changed for our Spartan, wouldn't it?\*\*\***

**\*\*Please R&R\*\***

## 8. Chapter 8

**\_\*\*I do not own halo, world war series or any other that may appear in this story.\*\*\_**

**\*\*Last time\*\***

"Fleetlord! The satellite grid detects an unidentified ship! It is over one kilometer long."

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"Fleetlord, I need to get my weapons." Master Chief said.

"Of Course. The Killer craft pilot that found the 'banshee' will escort your shuttlecraft."

**\*\*Passing Tau Ceti 4 orbit.\*\***

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**\*\*In the Hanger of the Alien Ship, ship designation: FFG-201.\*\***

"So, what was the main gun of this ship?" Asked the Male beside Ristin.

Cortana, the Humans' "AI", Answered.

It was magnetic mass accelerator cannon. It used a series of super magnets to accelerate a solid mass of titanium and uranium to 0.1 percent the speed of light, or in simple terms, 300,000 meters per second.\*

"How is that possible." The same Male asked.

It would be hard to explain right now. Now we need to focus on getting the Land cruiser attached to the shuttlecraft.

At first Ristin had thought that the AI must have been joking. Carrying a Land Cruiser to a Shuttle Craft? Ha!

But they were going to do it.

The Human had taken the huge fighter bomber and taken it to the surface.

The Covenant, as they called them, was taking their own sweet time to get here.

There was a group of males that were loading the Aliens' weapons and ammo into the shuttlecraft.

**\*\*UNSC Longsword 'Alpha-Bravo'\*\***

Space port of the Race this is Killercraft z-T34, escorting Alien Killercraft A-B, requesting priority clearance for landing." The Jet/space fighter pilot said.

"What about an Alien? Is this some kind of joke?

"No"

\*\*Home, the Home world of the Race. \*\*

"Breaking news! It has just been reveled that the Empire of the Race has made first Contact! The Alien is tall, standing two and a half meters tall. It weighs over halt a ton, and is a soldier."

\*\*Emergency council of the Race, Emperors Palace.\*\*

"I will let the public know."

"What? What will you tell them?

"The truth."

\*\*Home.\*\*

"My fellow Males and Females, of the Empire of the Race. I address you to night, as a member of the Race."

"These past few weeks, the empire has been shaken to its very core."

"As some of you may know, the Empire has made First Contact with an Alien Species."

"But these Aliens are not unknown to us."

"These aliens are humans, they hail, incredible as it may seem, from Tosev 3, the planet my predecessor set about the conquest fleet to conquer."

"This alien brings troubling tidings."

"These humans are a very advanced race, their technology present, breaking many of the principles well known to the Race for tens of millennia."

"But is has been revealed to me that the humans have been at war for decades with yet another group of aliens."

"These aliens know now of the existence of Home."

"They are, as we speak, breaching the orbit of Home 3, the planet next farthest from our sun. "

"But take faith, the combined powers of the mighty 3rd Imperial Conquest fleet of the Empire of the Race, and the Human Star ship, Forward unto Dawn , will do everything in their power, to defeat this Alien menace."

\*\*Emperors Palace.\*\*

They will most likely start their attack at the Capitol.

They either hover above the city, and deploy troops beneath it and expand out ward, also while deploying drop pods to key points around the city, to keep the defenders from massing their forces; or they sit up in orbit, and glass the city."

"Glass?"

They have a powerful energy weapon that is used to burn the surface of a planet until the surface is a layer of melted glass, a mile deep. But they usually only do that in a fleet. And with only one ship, they won't do that, probably."

"What about those drop pods you spoke about?"

"Small, single occupant, they drop from the ship, and deploy troops, usually Elites."

"Elites?"

"Yeahâ€¦ I think that now would be a good time to tell you what exactly we are up against." The AI Cortana said.

**\*\*Big Battle up next! Please R&R.\*\***

## 9. Chapter 9

**\_\*\*I do not own halo, the world war series, or any other that may appear in this story.\*\*\_**

**\*\*Last time\*\***

**\*\*Emperors Palace.\*\***

They will most likely start their attack at the Capitol.

They either hover above the city, and deploy troops beneath it and expand out ward, also while deploying drop pods to key points around the city, to keep the defenders from massing their forces; or they sit up in orbit, and glass the city."

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They have a powerful energy weapon that is used to burn the surface of a planet until the surface is a layer of melted glass, a mile deep. But they usually only do that in a fleet. And with only one ship, they won't do that, probably."

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"Small, single occupant, they drop from the ship, and deploy troops, usually Elites."

"Elites?"

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said.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

**\*\*Bridge of Covenant Cruiser 'Unrelenting'\*\***

"Is everything set?"

"Yes shipmaster"

Good-

"Shipmaster, incoming message from the surface."

Put it on.

The holoscreen on the command deck lit up.

On it was an image of a lizard creature, covered in elaborate paint.

It spoke off to the side, just hisses and pops.

Then the lizard's speech became understandable.

"I am Supreme Fleet lord Atvar, of the 3rd conquest fleet of the Race, can you identify you self, your ship, your purpose and your intentions for being in this orbit?"

Shipmaster Kantus 'Morom'ee, thought about this for a moment.

This lizard had not threatened him or his ship. He had merely named himself, his title, and asked for Kantus's reason for being here.

"I am Shipmaster Kantus, of the House of 'Morom. I am the Shipmaster of the Stealth Cruiser 'Unrelenting'. Our mission is to recover the Demon, a super soldier of the filthy human race, one that has killed millions of our people. We have been tasked with taking him to the Holy City of Joyous Exultation, for justice."

Now he waited.

The alien's reaction would determine if the covenant ship attacked or not.

Though, the shipmaster realized that the lizard did not have facial expressions, like humans.

So the answer would be in words.

"So, this 'Hooou-mainn', would it have anything to do with that wreck in orbit, would it?"

Because, we of the Race sighted it, and thought it was an asteroid. We fired a nuclear rocket at it. The ships defense system shot it down.

After we approached the ship, sending soldiers, our team got in.



They found a terminal, and the data specialist, discovered that, there were many programs that were doing nothing. I am no expert, but the Male said that the programs were an advanced form of automation. After finding that we could not adapt the programs to do anything, we promptly deleted them.

The team also found an armored being. It was dead. The Male said that the program that was assigned to regulate the cold sleep tube became erratic and shut down the unit.

"We could not gleam anything from it, so we sent it to be burned in the atmosphere."

"You did what? Why, if it was advanced technology would you not keep it for study?" Kantus had him now. All he had to wait for was a slip of the tongue.

"No the Emperor deemed it too advanced for us. We are a very cautious species, shipmaster."

We spend hundreds of years developing things so that the disruptions in our society are minimal. Otherwise, our empire would not have lasted over 100,000 of our planets revelations, years the humans call them, and we have managed to extract some data from the wrecks computers."

'So, they are not hiding the Demon.' The shipmaster thought sourly.

"May I send a team to be sure? I was tasked with this objective, and I must see it finished."

By all means, then maybe we can work out a peace so that the Empire and the Covenant will never have to fight."

"Yesâ€|" the shipmaster ended the message, not realizing that he had not even mentioned the word 'Covenant'.

**\*\*On Hangers upper level, overlooking the main hanger.\*\***

"So that is a phantom?" One of the Males charged with the security of the human ship asked the Male beside him.

"I guess so."

"May be these are friendly covenant?"

"I hope so."

**\*\*On Phantom T 3-4-0. From Unyielding.\*\***

'The lizards got busy fast' R'nas N'three Major Domo, the Leader of the Search team, thought.

What looked like shuttles had been welded to the Human ship's hull, and the giant hull breach that had cut the ship in half, had been mostly welded over.

'Had the lizards mad it air tight?'

'What were the lizards doing with it, making it into a station?'

Well that may not be a bad idea. It was already as big as their tiny ships, and it armor, and it had a reactor.

R'nas started to go over it in his head. He'd been starting a career in orbital engineering before the start of the war.

Shuttlecraft designation 3-4-0; this is docking master for the wrecked ship, we are currently trying to fix a problem concerning maintaining this things orbit. You may NOT dock your Shuttle craft onto the wreck. We have assembled an airlock in the hanger. Drop off you passengers, and get out, we can't have any major increase in mass. Proceed with given instructions.

"Hmph."

**\*\*At air lock.\*\***

The Elites held their breath as the phantoms doors swung open.

After the first rush of explosive decompression, the Elites jumped into the opened air-lock. In less than 10 seconds, the entire squad -one major, four minors (one red, and four blues) was inside.

R'nas banged his fist against the inner door.

Immediately, that outer door was closed.

Air rushed into the small space. The Elites new, partially vacuum tight suites worked great.

The Elites got out their guns, a precaution.

The red light in the human door (the air lock was an extension of the human hallway.) flashed green.

The doors opened. Standing with automatic rifles aimed, were twelve lizard infantry Males in full gear, body armor and all.

The Squad Leader stepped forward. State you intentions  
\_Aliens."\_

R'nas was taken back 'This much hostility and we haven't even started killing them.'

"We are here to confirm that the ships computers are safe, and that the demon is dead."

"Safe?"

"You wouldn't understand."

"I know why you're, \_Alien\_, you're here to make sure that the ships computers are wiped clean."

R'nas took a step back."How do-"

"Don't act stupid alien, I know that with the level of technology in

the vehicles here, means that there is bound to be even more technology locked away in the computers."

"And of your level of technology just above this ship's, it is to be expected that you want to keep us primitive."

'I hardly open my mouth and they already know what our plans are? What else do they know?'

## 10. Chapter 10

\*\*I do not own halo the world war series or any other that may appear in this story.\*\*

**\*\*Last time.\*\***

"I know why you're, Alien, you're here to make sure that the ships computers are wiped clean."

R'nas took a step back."How do-"

"Don't act stupid alien, I know that with the level of technology in the vehicles here, means that there is bound to be even more technology locked away in the computers."

"And of your level of technology just above this ship's, it is to be expected that you want to keep us primitive."

'I hardly open my mouth and they already know what our plans are? What else do they know?'

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

**\*\*In Home orbit.\*\***

Suddenly, the entirety of the radio operators yelled out across the Fleet of the Race.

"Shiplord, incoming message from the purple alien ship!"

The message was opened.

The armored upper body of the alien Shiplord filled the screens.

"How dare you all lie to the Covenant?! It was my greatest hope that we had found a species untouched by the infidel humans! But it was too much to hope for. Your world will burn until its surface is but glass! Your destruction is the will of the Gods! And we are their instruments!" And with that, the message ended.

**\*\*On the 127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Emperor Hetto.\*\***

The Fleetlord walked into the bridge.

"Exalted Fleetlord sir! The aliens will attack!"

I know, open a radio link to all ships and installations."Atvar ordered with a calm voice.

"Yes sir!"

"Attention, attention all Males and Females of the Race. This is Fleetlord Atvar. The aliens known to us as the Covenant, had decreed that they will attack, all units proceed to combat stations now, repeat, all military forces of the Race, battle stations, May the Spirits of Emperors Past guide and protect us all."

**\*\*On longsword fighter/bomber 'Alpha-Bravo'\*\***

"Get ready Blue Team." John called.

Blue teamâ€¦ John wondered if any were still alive.

No, he had to focus on the present. The here and now.

The Longsword streaked toward the Covenant cruiser.

Two flights of the Races Jet/Space fighters followed close behind, matching pace.

The plan was simple: the Race did not have any weapons that could touch the Cruiser, except nukes. The Races nukes were held on their star ships, which were safe on the other side of Home.

The Longsword was armed with two, 85 kiloton nuclear missiles.

Step one of the plan, was to blind the Covies, in which John would streak ahead of the jets, launch one of the nukes, the detonation would lower the Cruisers shields.

The Cruiser would launch fighters, Seraphs and Banshees.

Step two of the plan, was to distract the Cruiser. The Jets of the Race, while having moderate speed and having moderate maneuverability, but simply lacking the acceleration and agility of the Covenant craft, would engage.

But to counter that, the Jets were naturally armed in a way that made Master Chief smile every time he thought about it.

The Lizard Jets had six, radar aimed, 30mm automatic cannons. Each spewing over 200 armor piercing shells the size of Master Chief's armored forearm, every 15 seconds.

All the Jets of the Race had to do, was get the enemy in their sights for less than 5 seconds while pulling the trigger, and whatever they were shooting at would die.

Cortana came on the radio, bringing John out of his thinking. She was in the Lizards network, directing and placing the lizards' units where they needed to go.

"John, you're 30 seconds out, start step one â€¦ now."

'And so, it begins.'

**\*\*127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Emperor Hetto.\*\***

Atvar watched as the Covenant ship was bathed in the harsh white glare of nuclear fire.

Fleetlord, we have re-gained radar contact with 'Fighter-Bomber A-B'.

"Good, how goes the ground fight?"

"Not good, exalted Fleetlord."

"How so?" Atvar demanded his anger at not being informed almost breaking through his calm exterior.

"Sir the Covenant deployed armored shuttlecraft; our helicopter craft were unprepared for it." The communications operator answered.

"The helicopter flight leader said that all the rest of our helicopter craft should be configured to "gunship, heavy assault", and then his craft was destroyed."

"Then we should do as the senior helicopter flight leader said to."  
"

"Give the order, all craft moving between the fleet and the surface are to be loaded to within [0.5 tons] of their maximum weight capacity with weapons and ammunition."

"Yes Fleetlord."

\*\*On the ground, approaching the alien deployment area. (Time: 0:00:01)\*\*

"All squadron commanders call in!"

"Zelpho One ready!"

"Balphers One ready!"

"Vlotaso One Ready!"

"All Land Cruisers, load Armor Piercing Discarding-Sabot rounds, and advance at full speed at heading 340!"

"Yes Sir, Superior Sir!" the Land Cruiser Company Commanders called out.

\*\*Covenant Deployment Area.\*\*

"Ultra Domo!"

"Yes what is it?"

Sir, lizard armored vehicles incoming at high speed from the north, like as in a Ghost using speed boost, sir!"

"All wraiths, incoming lizard tanks, high speed, engage!"

\*\*On approach\*\*. (Theme music for this is "One Final Effort" from Halo3)

"Incoming weapons fire!"

"What is that?"

Boomsh!

"Whatever it is keep going!"

"It looks like fire energy!"

"Gunner, Range to target?" Yelled tank commander Voltass, trying to be heard over the sound of 45 Land Cruisers, and raining plasma.

"Range, 3800 yds! We're in range!"

"All Land Cruisers, this is Land Cruiser Commander Voltass, we're in range of the enemy, engaging!"

"Gunner targets, blue enemy vehicle, turn 12 degrees left."

"Target acquired" came the reply over the inter comms, everyone falling into the perfected routine of targeting, acquiring, loading, and firing, then repeating.

"Sabot?" Voltass questioned, though he knew the answer.

"Sabot" the gunner affirmed.

"Fire!"

BOOM! The 5 inch (127mm) gun let loose.

**\*\*Deployment.\*\***

A muted 'boom', then brief screaming sound, and the wraith behind Z'thanee exploded, throwing him forward into the barricades, showering him with white hot pieces of shrape-metal.

**\*\*Approach.\*\***

Voltass took a moment to listen to the sweet sounds of the other land cruisers fire.

BOO-BOO-BOOM-BOOM!

BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! The sounds of the guns meshing together into one great big awesome sound.

Massive geysers of dirt an metal and mixed with lots of little pieces of alien flew up into the air.

"Gunner target, enemy structure, turn 34 degrees right."

"Target acquired."

"Gunner, load High Explosive Armor Piercing Discarding Sabot." (HEATDS)

\_S-LUK KLING\_ came the sound of the automatic loader sliding the shell in, and sliding the breach shut.

Sabot?"

Sabot"

Fire!"

BOOM!

**\*\*In Orbit.\*\***

"Shipmaster, our ground forces report that they are taking heavy losses, due to massed lizard tank fire.

Our Phantoms, Spirits, and Banshees are reporting the same, due to attack by lizard heavy attack helicopters."

'BOOM!' the cruiser shook as another lizard missile penetrated the severely weakened shields, and damaged the hull.

"And the majority of our space banshees have been destroyed."

The Shipmaster looked around. A few of the command panels were damaged, several wall panels had come off.

All this done be a bunch of lizards.

"Take us down to the surface; they will not detonate a nuclear weapon above one of their own cities. Also, there we can launch own atmospheric Banshees."

"Yes Shipmaster."

**\*\*127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Hetto.\*\***

\_"Fleetlord, their ship is headed for the surface."\_

"[translates as "Damn"], they're going to park above a city, where we can't use nuclear weapons!"

Atvar took a breath, "smartâ€|"

\_"Of course they are, Atvar I thought that you would have realized that by now."\_ Cortana said as she appeared on Atvars Personal holographic data screen.

"I thought that I could let myself hope."

\_"Not whileâ€| Fleetlord incoming fighters, Seraph class, they are targeting the 127th Hetto."\_

"All ship point defense operators the stations."

\_"Fleetlord, if you'll allow me, I was the ship based intelligence for the cruiser Pillar of Autumn."\_

Atvar thought about this.

'Well computers do react far faster than living things doâ€|'

"All ship point defense operators, the AI will augment your duties, do not interfere, but be ready to take action."

"Yes sir, Exalted Fleetlord sir!" the calls rang out through the comms.

**\*\*Longsword A-B.\*\***

Airfield Control, this is Fighter A-B, our flight is coming down to re arm and re fuel.

Roger that, Fighter Craft A-B, you and your flight are cleared to land.

As chiefs long sword broke through the cloud cover, there were gasps of fright from the crew of lizards that had operated the Long swords' weapons systems, as Chief piloted the ship.

There were hisses of wonder and anger from the Races' Killercraft pilots.

The Capitol City burned. The air field sent up on the edge of town, which was where the Dawns' 50mm rotating barreled point defense guns had been set up, was surrounded by the burning hulks of destroyed Phantoms, Spirits, and Seraphs that had tried to take out the base.

In the distance, the damaged Covenant Cruiser sat like a blimp, raining blue plasma fire every now and then.

**\*\*Approach. (Time 0:35:45)\*\***

SIPULSH!-OOM!

Another Land Cruiser blew up as one of those blue energy bombs landed on the upper engine deck.

The company was down to 12 Land Cruisers.

All of them had taken multiple direct hits from the aliens' energy bombs.

Most often, the bomb would land on the front hull, giving the driver a feeling like a kick in the face. Then the shimmering hot armor would cool, hardening into a stronger armor plate.

If the bomb landed on the top deck of the turret, it would melt the electronics attached to the bottom of the compartment. It would do, however, knock out the Land Cruiser.

The heat made by the bomb, would melt the upper decks, and would they would cool, those affected by the melting would be stronger.

But that only worked when there were less enemy Land Cruiser/Energy Artillery vehicles than Land Cruisers of the Race.

Now, the energy bombs were landing faster than the armor was cooling.



And, if that was not bad enough, they were running out of ammunition for the cannon.

"Gunner, target, blue alien Land Cruiser." Voltass said wearily.

"Target acquired, loading Armor Piercing Discarding Sabot."

"Loaded?"

"It's loaded"

"Fire" Voltass said without the will to keep on going.

BOOM!

**\*\*Emperors Palace.\*\***

"Alarm! Protect the Emperor!"

Bang! The doors to the emperors' chambers blasted open.

"Alert! All forces! The Palace has been breached!"

With that, half of the defenders on the ancient wall turned to face the court yard.

"Use thermal imaging! Their invisibility makes lots of heat!" Cried out a male near to the palace.

"Use-auk!" the male was cut off by the sound of electric slash, ending the males' life.

The imperial guards on the walls switched to thermal imaging, as that male had said to. They saw the hunched figures of the elites and opened fire, only to see their bullets bouncing off of the elite's energy shields.

Inside the Palace the Spec Ops elites met only one point of resistance.

It was at a bend in the corridor, the lizards had barricaded the passageway, almost to the ceiling.

They had placed two heavy machineguns-taken from the Dawn-and left no way through the hallway.

After that, the Elites had no resistance.

They strode into the Emperors chambers.

Using their advanced vision technology, they saw no one. Except for the Emperor.

The Spec Ops Leader walked up to the Lizard.

The lizard looked back at him.

"Why have you come here?" Emperor Ulnas said.

"\*\*You have sheltered the Demon, and for that, your kind must pay.\*\*"

"Do you think that what you do is right? Look around. Your kind has laid waste to my world, killed thousands. Thousands that- until your ship passed the orbit of the planet next farthest away from our sun-never knew of the existence of the alien."

That put pause the Spec Ops Leader.

'\_Wait, does that mean, that all of those lizards that I just slew, were innocents?\_' He thought.

"The data obtained from the alien ship, had a lot on your kind. That your very way of life, is based on honor." The lizard Emperor continued.

The Spec Ops Leader nodded his head absently. The other Spec Ops soldiers started to wander inward, interested in what was being said, that had stayed their Leaders hand.

"What honor is there in what you have done? We detected a wreck. Found a long lost person and his fragmented AI. The very next day, a huge ship full of blood thirsty aliens that wish death upon an entire species, just because their Leaders cannot except the fact, that the Humans are the chosen ones by your 'Gods'.

Suddenly, the Spec Ops sub-commander reaches out, and grabs the Lizard Emperor by the neck.

As the rest stare in indecision, the sub-commander lifts the Emperor off the throne.

"\*\*Why do you tell these lies?!\*\*"

The Emperor reaches up, not to struggle, but to try to loosen the commanders grip so he can reply.

"Whatâ€¦| what makes youâ€¦| think that they are lies?"

The commander tightened his grip.

Whatâ€¦| could I possiblyâ€¦| gain, by-uk-â€¦| lying to you?"

"\*\*Sub-commander, enough!\*\*"

The sub-commander swung his head to the Spec Ops Leader, fire burning in his eyes.

Before the sub-commander could carry out his immediate plan of gutting this lying reptile, he felt a sharp pain in his chest.

Looking down, he saw a razor-spear, jutting out of his armored chest.

Dropping the Emperor, he staggered back. Turning around, he saw many,

very large lizards, all in dark grey body paint, from their heads to their toes.

That was the last thing that the Spec Ops Sub-Commander saw.

A spear, coated in the sub-commanders purple blood, sprouted from his chest.

The Spec Ops Leader turned, to find the Spec Ops team, surrounded by at least 40, very large (6 foot 3 inches tall) lizards, all holding shimmering tipped spears.

In a second, three more of the remaining five Spec Ops Elites were killed by these silent lizards.

The last elite never even get his plasma rifle un-holstered, before he was pierced by those sparkling spears.

The Spec Ops Leader was pierced by spears in his shoulders and with one in his side.

He closed his eyes, waiting for the last one. For his life to end.

The last spear never came.

He heard the Emperor shout "stop"!

He opened his eyes, to find himself staring down the business end of one of those spears.

Thoughts raced through his head.

\_Why am I not dead?\_

\_How did we not see or hear those lizards? \_

\_How did those spears pierce our armor?\_

\_How come our shields did nothing to stop the spears?\_

\_Why? How?\_

The Emperor said something in the lizard speech, something too fast for the auto translators to work on.

The warrior took a step back, not taking his spear down.

"I didn't want it to end this way, I told them to wait, for me to negotiate."

"\*\*What are they?\*\*"

"The Imperial Guards, the protectors of the Emperors, since before this planet was unified, the last line of defense for the Emperors. Armed with the Diamond tipped spears, given to them by the Forerunners themselves."

'\_What? How do they know of the Gods?\_' the Spec Ops Leader thought with his horror growing along with his coldness, as he begun to bleed

out on the floor.

He spoke as much.

"Oh, how do we know? Why, because they put us on this planet, that's why. It is said in the ancient records, that the Race was a species in the stage of developing the process of working metals, when the Forerunners came to take us away to the Ark. After they lit the Halos, their machines took us back to our world."

As the Spec Ops Leader shook with the cold that was raking his body as he bled out, the realization came to him.

The Arbiter was right.

The Emperors voice became muffled, as the sense of feeling left the Spec Ops Leaders' body.

The last thing that the Elite comprehended before losing everything was:

"Preserve him, we're leaving. Take him with us."

## 11. Chapter 11

\*\*I do not own halo, the world war series or any other that may appear in this Fic.\*\*

**\*\*Last time.\*\***

The Spec Ops Leader turned, to find the Spec Ops team, surrounded by very large Lizards, all holding shimmering tipped spears.

In a second, three more of the remaining five Spec Ops Elites were killed by these silent Lizards.

The last Elite never even get his plasma rifle un-holstered, before he was pierced by those sparkling spears.

The Spec Ops Leader was pierced by spears in his shoulders and with one in his side.

He closed his eyes, waiting for the last one.

The last spear never came.

He opened his eyes, to find himself staring down the business end of one of those spears.

Thoughts raced through his head.

Why am I not dead?

How did we not see or hear those Lizards?

How did those spears pierce our armor?

How come our shields did nothing to stop the spears?

\_Why? How?\_

The warrior took a step back, not taking his spear down.

"I didn't want it to end this way, I told them to wait, for me to negotiate."

"\*\*What are they?"\*\*

"The Imperial Guards, the protectors of the Emperors, since before this planet was unified, the last line of defense for the Emperors. Armed with the Diamond tipped spears, given to them by the Forerunners themselves."

'\_What? How do they know of the Gods?\_' the Spec Ops Leader thought with his horror growing along with his coldness, as he began to bleed out on the floor.

He spoke as much.

"Oh, how do we know? It is said in the ancient records, that the Race was a species in the stage of developing the process of working metals, when the Forerunners came to take us away to the Ark."

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The last thing that the Elite comprehended before losing everything was:

"Preserve him, we're leaving. Take him with us."

\*\*Approach. (Time 1:12:56)\*\*

"Gunner, enemy Infantry! 100 meters and closing!"

"Firing on enemy infantry" the gunner responded.

Brbrbrbbrbrbrbrbrbrbrbrbrbrbr!

The Land Cruisers 15mm co-axel machine gun\* opened up, tearing down the Covenant.

They had only 10 shells of APDS, the required minimum for Land Cruisers.

They did have HEDS, but had expended those on the groups of two giant, blue armored walking, armored things. (Hunters)

Now all that they had, were the ten shells that they were required to return to base with, and their machine gun.

Outside, the squad of armored aliens fell.

The other last Land Cruiser, Zelphos', the Company commander, had been over run, by the Covenants' 'Elites'.

Those had tossed blue, flaming balls, which had exploded in flashes of bright whitish blue.

Now, only Voltas's Land Cruiser was all that was left.

All that was left, out of 45 Land Cruisers.

All that was left, after a day and twelve hours of constant fighting.

'Now I know why that Covenant is beating the Humans. They just don't stop.'

"Now commander, they have to stop sometime. Right?" the Gummer spoke up.

"What did you say?" Voltass asked the gunner.

He didn't know the gunner that well, the first time he had met him was when the transfer Male came up, and said that the shuttle craft that his gunner had been on had been shot down by the Covenant. Now Voltass wished that he'd gotten to know his new gunner more, and under better conditions.

"Commander! More Covenant! Front!" the gunner called out, peering through his aiming scope, the only way to see out, all of the other periscopes long since melted away.

**\*\*Approach. Helicopter Gunship of the Race, \_Slani Hunter One\_\*\***

"Those tankers look like they could use some help."

"Then let's give them some."

"All helicopters target the Covenants bulky blue vehicles. " Cortana ordered.

Pishh!

Pishh!

Pishh!

Voltass looked up, expecting to see one of those four-jawed Covenant aliens looking back at him.

No, what he saw was the smoke trails of missiles.

Then it dawned on him.

The Covenant doesn't use missiles! Plus, the missiles were coming from the wrong way!\_

In an act of foolishness, Voltass stood up in his cupola, standing chest and head out of the Land Cruiser.

He saw those cursed bomb-Land Cruisers in flames. The Covenant structures in pieces.

Above, the helicopter gunships of the Race hovered, all guns blazing.

Voltass cried out with joy.

He didn't care, that there were eight inch long, sizzling hot, spent bullet casings falling directly into the melted open hatch of the Land Cruiser.

All that he cared about, was that he was alive, to have to worry about those sizzling hot bullet casings later.

**\*\*Helicopter gunship, \*\*\_\*\*Slani Hunter one.\*\*\_**

"Fleetlord, this is Cortana, the Covenant original deployment area is secure. We are proceeding to the present Covenant L-Z. Over?"

"Roger that Cortana, we are moveing our forces in for the attack. Is the "M-C" ready?"

"Affirmative, oh and Fleetlord, there is a very sad looking Land Cruiser on the Covenant Approach, can you spare some troops to pick them up?"

"Okay Cortana, have you overheard anything on the Emperors Palace?"

"Negative Fleetlord, only that the Emperors' hallway was breached and nothing after that, only that the outer wall is secure, and that no Covenant has left the Palace."

"Are you sure-"over the radio, a Male was heard screaming 'Incoming Energy blast!' then the radio link was cut off.

"Master Chief, prepare your team for immediate insertion.  
"

**\*\*Pelican Troopship Kilo 2-3. In route to Covenant Cruiser  
\*\*'\*\*Unrelenting'.\*\***

Thoughts ran through Master Chiefs head; about the last time he'd been in a pelican troopship, with the mission being to infiltrate a Covenant ship.

"â€| Any idea what it means?"

Dear Humanity, we regret being Alien bastards! We regret coming to Earth! And we most definitely regret that we just got our fleet wiped out by my beloved Corps! "

"Hoorah!"

Chief missed Johnson. His perfectly timed remarks. The right comments at the right times.

"M-C? Two minutes out" Cortanas voice brought him out of his reminiscing.

Chief looked to his team.

Two were of the scout team that found him; Ristin and Ullhass.

There were eight others, all armed with PARs (Personal Automatic Rifles [8.5mmX48mm])

"Get Tactical Infantry Males!" The Squad-Sub-leader yelled out.

"Warning! Enemy scarab! Darn!" Cortana was heard saying.

There was a loud 'bang' sound, along with an explosion.

Chiefs vision flipped, and his last thought was:" well this sure looks familiar."

Chief woke to the sound of automatic weapons fire.

He looked up, and saw his team of Lizards, actually holding the Covenants Elites off.

**\*\*Pelican crash site.\*\***

"Elites, left side!"

Ristin and the others shifted their guns left.

Three Elites, two in blue armor, and one in red armor.

The automatic rifles' bullets sparked and bounced off the Elites protective shields.

Suddenly, a cylinder, ahead of a spout of flame, roared over Ristins' head.

The anti-Land Cruiser missile impacted the lead-Elite, one of the two blues, scattering him and the other blue beside him into little pieces, and propelling the red one into the wall.

Ristin looked back to see who had fired the ALC missile. He saw Ullhass, holding the smoking tube.

Ristin then looked to the M-C.

It was looking around, shaking its head.

Ristin looked to the Squad Leader.

The squad leader looked back.

The leader gave the 'take point' hand signal.

Ristin looked back at the human. It was on its feet, reaching into the troop-shuttle, and bringing out four guns.

They were, if Ristin remembered right: a sniper rifle; shotgun; assault rifle; and the rocket launcher.



The human put the shotgun on a sling.

He broke the rocket launcher down into three pieces: the rear part, the shoulder piece, and the forward part.

Those went into the cloth bag that he had.

The sniper rifle he attached to his back.

And the assault rifle he held in his hands.

The human looked to Ristin. He nodded to him.

Ristin looked forward again.

They heard a beep, and turned, all except the human.

They saw the red armored Elite rear back, and hurtle a blue-flaming sphere at the Squad.

They started to scatter, but it was too little, too late.

The flaming sphere landed on the Squad Leaders' head.

The Male screamed in pain.

The flaming sphere stuck to his head and did not come off.

Two of the other nine Males reached for the Leader.

Before Ristin could yell that something was wrong, the sphere exploded.

The Squad Leader and the two next highest ranking Males ceased to exist.

Suddenly, very loud automatic gunfire erupted from behind them all.

Heavy bullets punched through the red Elite's armor.

As the Elite fell dead, they all looked back, to see the human standing, the barrel of his assault rifle smoking.

"I'll take point." It simply stated.

They all fell into place behind the hulking green shape, of the giant armored human.

**\*\*Capitol City, 23 minutes later.\*\***

"So that's the gravity lift?" Ristin asked the Chief.

"Yes" he answered.

The two were looking at a semi-transparent pink beam of light, about 20 feet across, and about 2 miles away.

Ristin looked back at the remaining Males.

There were Ristin, Ullhass, four others, and the Master Chief.

They had lost the others on the way to the ship.

About three miles back, the Covenant had started a jamming, one that prevented the AI Cortana, from helping them.

They heard the low roaring sound of engines from behind them.

To even Chiefs surprise, there was a Pelican, one of three that the MC had brought down.

Attached to its bottom, was, the Humans Land Cruiser.

A Male in Imperial Guards body armor, jumped down from the Pelican.

He walked up to the Master Chief.

"Cortana sends her regards" he said, handing a bag to the Human.

Chief reached into the bag, to pull out a magazine, one of the ones for his assault rifle.

"Thanks"

The Male climbed back into the Pelican. And it flew away, at street level.

'Probably to avoid radar or something like that.' Ristin thought.

He heard a strange sound.

He turned to it.

The Human wasâ€|?

"It's called laughing. You of the Race laugh another way." the Chief explained.

"Why are you laughing?" Ristin asked.

"Because something happened like this a couple of months ago, back in the War my kind was fighting with the Covenant."

"What happened?"

We had the same objective, board the ship. We had just gotten to a bridge. My friend, Johnson, arrived, just like that Male did. Johnson said something that amounted to:

"The Master Chief will command this Land Cruiser, drive across the bridge, and blow up any nonhuman creature, foolish enough to try and block the path to the objective."

Ristin just looked at Chief like he was a googley eyed freak.

Chief sighed.

"Never mind, just human humor, you need to have the cultural back-story to understand."

Ristin just nodded his head, and when back to inspecting his weapon, as Chief had declared a short resting break.

'\_Humans are weird' \_he thought.

**\*\*127\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\* Emperor Hetto\*\***

**\*\*Status: severely damaged, multiple hull breaches. \*\***

Fleetlord Atvar leaned against the pedestal.

The ship-surgeons had dragged away the injured and dead away.

The blast of energy, 'plasma' Cortana had called it, had hit the 127th Hetto, at amid-ships.

It melted straight through the hull, and through most of the compartments on the outer ring. (All of the ships of the Race have NO artificial gravity, so they use centalgulf force (spinning) to simulate gravity.)

Now Atvar realized why the human ship had such overly thick hull-plating.

The Humans view of space combat must be extremely fast paced.

They still used nuclear weapons, that much was clear- by Cortana and the Master Chiefs use of multiple nuclear weapons in the first few moments of combat.

"Shiplord Kirel, are you among the living?" Atvar called out, the main lighting being disabled by the EMP damage from the plasma.

"Exalted Fleetlord I am."

"Kirel, do we still have maneuvering capabilities?" Atvar asked.

"That we do."

"We need to put ourselves in orbit around Homes Moon."

"Yes sir Exalted Fleetlord"

**\*\*Capitol City, on Covenant L-Z approach.\*\***

'\_Humans may be weird, but never make them mad, because they have very big guns.'\_

BIU-OOM!

The humans' Land Cruisers main gun fired again, obliterating one of those pinkish-red attack hovering craft, the ones that the Chief called 'Gohssts' in his language, and Ghosts in Ristins'.

Pu-rrrrrrsh!

Ullhass fired the humans' rocket launcher.

Another ghost down.

"\*\*Banshees, up high! Ristin, take'm out!\*\*"

Ristin twisted his waist, the turreted-hull mounted machine gun rolling on ball-bearings.

He pulled down on the back of the gun, pivoting it up.

Lining up the point to the notched open sight\*, he grasped the handles on either side, and pressed the center stud down.

The machine gun let loose tens of very large, heavy bullets, ripping even larger holes in the Covenant Flyers.

The flyers exploded in flashes of purple, laced with pinkish-white electricity.

\*\*Covenant Landing Zone. 500 meters below the Cruiser.\*\*

"We're here, hold your position!" Ristin yelled,

The Land Cruiser came to a grinding halt, and the five other Males jumped off of the Land Cruiser.

Ristin and the Chief remained in the 'Cruiser.

The Master Chief backed the Land Cruiser into a building, so that the Covenant could not flank them from behind.

Ristin saw an Elite squad coming from the left.

He swung the machine gun to face them.

Before he could fire, the barrel above him swung to point at them as well.

BIU-OOM!

The Elites were either blown to bits, or sent flying into walls with such force that they were smashed into pulp.

\*\*The Covenant Light Cruiser 'Unrelenting'  
\*\*

"Shipmaster!"

"What?!" the angry Elite shouted.

"Sir, the Demon is here! It's below, at the Gravity Lift. What do we do?"

"Go find the Ships Blade-Master. Then get eight of the highest ranking, most experienced Warriors that are still on the ship, just not me. Then get them into the corridors outside the gravity lift chamber. Tell them to activate active camouflage. I will activate the

Lift." The shipmaster ordered, all of the weariness, and despair that had been there a moment before, gone.

"Tell them that I said to"

"Yes Shipmaster."

**\*\*Inside the Gravity Lift Chambers.\*\***

"What, no bad guys?" one of the other Lizards asked out-loud.

'Whoa, something's notâ€|' and then Chief remembered where this had happened before, and what had happened the last time.

"Everyone backup! Get back-to-back with each other!" Master Chief shouted.

For a moment, none of the Lizards moved.

Then, starting with Ristin and Ullhass, they started to bunch-up.

The doors on either side of the chamber opened.

There was no one there.

"Is this some kind of joke?" one of the Lizards said in disbelief.

That Lizard stepped away from the group.

"Get back!" Chief hissed.

"Why?-auk!" the Lizard was pierced by an invisible force, and lifted far off the floor.

The other Lizards looked in horror as the force became seeable.

They wished that they didn't have to.

The poor lizard was impaled on an energy sword that was as long as he was tall.

Ristin saw a shimmer in the air.

He pointed his AR at it and fired a burst.

The shimmer turned into an Elite covered in static.

Holding a giant sword made of light.

Master Chief turned and fired his shotgun, blasting the Elite.

The Elite staggered back, staring at Ristin dumbly, as its purple blood gushed like water-hoses, out of dozens gaping holes in its body.

Chief turned to shoot at another shimmer.

Ristins Elite staggered forward, swinging its sword around like a

"What, why?" the Major Domo asked, not believing what he'd just heard.

"Start. A. Slip-Space. Jump. If we are defeated, then we will destroy their capitol city."

All of the Sangheili in the bridge stopped what they were doing.

Had they just heard right?

"Butâ€¦ but sir, what honor is there in killing innocent Lizards? They have done nothing wrong, other than harbor an Enemy that they could not have known about."

Suddenly, before anyone can react, the ship is wrenched by an enormous explosion.

The mad shipmaster made his move.

As the ship started to shake, he leaped off the command platform.

While everyone fell to the floor, he flew through the air.

He drew his energy sword, and landed as the ship stopped shaking for the moment.

He swung his sword, slicing the Sangheili that had been protesting's belly, nearly cutting the Elite in half.

As everyone regained their feet, he took the advantage.

"Does anyone else have anything to say?"

A few looked like they were, but looking at the now nearly dead Major Domo, they held their peace.

The Crazy shipmaster turned to the Navigation Operator.

"Start a Slip-Space Jump, Now."

"Yes Shipmaster."

"Shipmaster, we are ready."

"Status on the Reactor?" the now slightly calmed shipmaster asked.

"Detonation in 5 minutes." It was reported.

"Jump." The calm but very crazed shipmaster stated.

The Operator hesitated. The Shipmaster shot him a look.

"Forerunners forgive me, and have mercy on the Lizards souls." He said very loudly, and clearly.

The shipmaster leaped, to cut down this rebellious person.

He was stopped as the Operator pressed the holographic button.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

**\*\*Engineering, Covenant Cruiser.\*\***

There was just, Ristin, Ullhass, and Gorppet left. Plus the Chief.

They were caught in the open, right below some kind of device, which was just forward of the reactor.

Piles of dead Elites off to either side of them, and around the doors, accounted for their efforts.

\_But this is the end.\_ Ristin thought grimly.

"May the Spirits of Emperors Passed have Mercy on our souls." He whispered to himself.

Then the thought hit him: \_The Master Chief is ignorant of the Spirits of Emperors Passed. Will they look kindly on him? \_ He thought with horror.

'\_Well they better, after how much he's done for the Race, in the very few short days he's been here.'\_

Suddenly, the device above them flashed bright, so brightly, that the Elites around them staggered back.

He emptied his remaining magazine into one, finally killing it.

"Master Chief!" Ristin shouted, so he could be heard, "Last Magazine!"

He turned to the Chief, as the Chief sprayed three more Elites.

It was an incredible sight.

Chief threw a grenade, which exploded when Chief shot it while it was still in the air.

The exploding frag grenade took down the shields of the Elites.

Chief fired on the first Elite, and when it fell, Chief-while not wasting a bullet by missing- shifted to the next Elite.

Using one grenade and less than one full magazine, the Master Chief killed three Elites.

Then Chief spoke to Ristin. **\*\*"It's been an honor to fight alongside such skilled warriors as your selves. Few is the times that I have been so lucky as to fight alongside such warriors as you"\*\*.**

That stopped Ristin dead in his tracks.

The Chief just said, that out of all the countless battles that he'd fought in, all the tens of thousands of soldiers-of his own kind no less!- that he was honored to fight with \_us\_?



That Ristin and his squad had been placed- in Chiefs mind- among the few great warriors?

Among the Arbiter that he'd told Ristin about?

Saregnt Johnson?

Chief's fellow special soldiers?

'\_Wow-'\_that was the last thought that passed through Ristins mind, before everything ended for him.

\_\*\*Sorry for not updating for a while.\*\*\_

## 12. Chapter 12

\_\*\*I do not own Halo, World war series, or any other.\*\*\_

\*\*Last time.\*\*

There was just, Ristin, Ullhass, and Gorppet left. Plus the Chief.

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He turned to the Chief, as the Chief sprayed three more Elites.

Using one grenade and less than one full magazine, the Master Chief killed three Elites.

Then Chief spoke to Ristin. \*\*"It's been an honor to fight alongside such skilled warriors as your selves. I've not been so lucky as to fight alongside such warriors as you very often."\*\*

Only he knew what the effects of it were.



female voice called out, slowly waking Atvar from his nice sleep.

"Noâ€| let me â€|sleepâ€|" he mumbled, a slight pain entering his lower body.

"\_Atvar! Wake the F\*\*\* up, Now!"\_ the same female voice now roared.

"Wha, what? Ah!" Now, the full extent of the scope of his pain was revealed.

It was as if he was being ripped in half by one of those Big Ugly's that the Fleet was going out to conquer.

Atvar cracked open his eye turrets.

He was pinned to the wall, by a piece of railing.

As he righted his point of view, he realized that the whole bridge was flipped on its side.

"Uhg, howâ€|?" he started, not remembering how all this had come to be.

\_"The Covenant Cruiser fired a passing Plasma Shot at the ship."\_

'Ah, the Covenant, I remember that now.'

\_"The shot disabled the electronics, and now the 127th Hetto is lying on its side, in a stable orbit. Before you ask, the reason there is gravity, is that I was still interfaced in the ships controls. I fixed the orbit before we could fall into the atmosphere."\_

"What do we do now?" Atvar said, straining to move the piece of heavy metal railing.

\_" Resue teams are now inroute to the ship."\_

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

\*\*Unknown place, unknown time, not known what the heck is happening.\*\*

Ristin had a strong feeling of disembodiment.

He could see his limp body slowly float up off the floor.

All of the dead bodies of the Covenant also did so too.

'This is it?' he thought.

This is what the after-life is like? It is nothing like what the books say it is. We are supposed to meet the Spirits of Emperors Past.'

The room started to flash different colors, from purple to red.

From red to blue.

From blue to green.

And from green to black.

And it stayed black.

'Oh goody, now I have to stare at this color forever' thought Ristin irritably.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

Chief felt a strange but not totally unfamiliar feeling.

It was partially the same feeling that he had when he was teleported on Halo.

The other feelingâ€¦|

Then it hit him.

It was the same feeling from when, on the trip back to Earth from Halo, when he and Blue team had used a Covenant Spirit Drop-ship to leave Slipspace to attack and destroy the Covenant super-station 'Unyielding Hierophant'.

When they'd been in Slipspace that was the same feeling.

That feeling of being there, but not being there.

Everything flashed a deep ultra-violet purple.

Everything changed.

Things looked like one of those strange distortion pictures.

Lizards grew to un-realistic proportions.

He saw one, Gorppet; twitch in a way that left no doubt that it was alive.

'Oh man, I hope that they can't see any of this' Thought Master Chief.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

Ristin kept hearing things.

Wispers, sounds of water, and the sound of falling rocks

The whispers were in an alien language, not human, not Elite, not like anything Ristin had ever hear.

He got the feeling of two beings, talking back and forth to one another. Giant beings, to which it seemed that there were two buildings on either side of him, rumbling and whispering back and forth.

He could feel like he was a speck of light in an endlessly large and

empty expanse of darkness.

Around him, he could sense the other specks of light, Ullhass and Gorppet, and a small candle flame, that was the Master Chief.

And looming over them, like two monsters in a nightmare, and shining as bright as a star each, were the two beings.

The two beings seemed to come to an conclusion, for the wisperings and rumblings ceased.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

Everything flashed back to normal.

Or what could be normal.

At least everything was back into its regular shape.

They all dropped down to the floor.

Chief had the wind smacked out of him when he hit the floor, so he did not think of what the same fall had done to the living lizards

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

Everything was suddenly very bright.

That was the first thought to pass through Ristins head.

Then everything snapped to normal, and the next thing that came to Ristin, was that they were floating, but he felt gravity.

He was falling

### 13. Chapter 13

**\*\*Last time.\*\***

Chief felt a strange but not totally unfamiliar feeling.

It was partially the same feeling that he had when he was teleported on Halo.

The other feelingâ€¦|

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O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)

**\*\*Unknown Place. Unknown Time.\*\***

Chief woke.

He woke to the sound of voices.

He tried to move, but the suite wouldn't.

He opened his eyesâ€|

â€| Staring back at him were the faceless visors of SPARTANS.

**\*\*O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)Change POV O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)\*\***

A strange, shadow covered creature peered out of the bush.

It stared at the three reptile-creatures that had fallen out of the blue rip in the sky that had vanished.

Its instincts told it to kill the intruders.

The intelligent part of its mind told it to wait and see if the things were dead.

If they were not dead, they could hurt and kill some of the pack with those "Bang-Flash-kill" sticks that had fallen out of the sky hole with them.

One of the reptile-creatures moved.

'At least one of them is alive' the shadow covered creature thought.

It lifted its head.

The shadow creature froze.

"Shadow" had seen one of those things before.

He must stop the pack from-

A loud, snarl roared out of the trees.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

\*\*O)O)O)O)O)O)O Back to Ristins POV O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)\*\*

Ristin swam up into wakefulness.

Into pain.

A loud roar filled his ears.

A small part of his mind told him that something was wrong when he saw trees, instead of the purple of the Covenant cruiser.

He reached for his personal infantry AR.

Grabbing it, he flicked on the flashlight.

Pairs of glowing eyes reflected back at him.

Pointing the AR at the trees, he shoved Gorppet off of him.

"Wake up" He hissed softly to both Ullhass and Gorppet.

Gorppet grunted, already coming awake, as Ristin had rolled him onto a sharp rock.

"What?!" Gorppet said loudly, in a sleepy voice.

Ristins answer was to point his free hand at the approaching pairs of glowing eyes.

"[English equivalent: 'Oh s\*\*t!']" Gorppet yelped, causing Ullhass to moan.

As Gorppet took up his AR, Ristin laid his aside to look over Ullhass.

Ristin found the probable at once.

Ullhass had landed on his gun, and shattered the tactical scope on his head.

Pieces of the glass had been driven into the soft area behind Ullhass's eye turret.

Ullhass was bleeding a lot.



O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)

**\*\*Unknown Place, Unknown time.\*\***

"Hey the Chiefs waking up. The sensors just pinged." A female voice

"How bad is it?" A male voice asked.

"Well, taking into account that he just was pasted through slip-space without protective plating, and that he was exposed to enough Himmlera Void Radiation to reduce him into dust, I'd say he's alright. His armor's trashed though, I recognize this armor, it's a MK6. Those things were built to be indestructible, though Chief seems to have done a good job at trying to destroy it."

'\_What? What do they mean?' \_With those thoughts Master Chief passed out.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)

#### 14. Chapter 14

\_\*\*I do not own halo, world war series or any other.\*\*\_

**\*\*Last timeâ€|\*\***

The Reptile creatures closed in around the Infantry Squad Team of the Race.

The Tactical lights mounted on Ristins and Gorppets Personal Automatic Rifles (PARs) silhouetted fighting creatures.

They were biped, had thinish forearms ending in hands tipped with claws.

They stood nearly as tall as an Elite.

Their heads were like that of the Race, but the skull was long and pointed, and filled with very long and sharp teeth.

Ristin took all this in as more than 30 of these things stalked out of the tree line, slowly getting closer.

Ristin took stock.

He had only one magazine left.

45 rounds of 8.5mm ammo.

"Gorppet, how much Ammunition do you have?" He whispered.

"Two magazines, plus about half of another."

At that moment, one of the reptile things leaped.

Ristin let lose a burst, the reptile going down.

\_'And so it begins...'

—

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O

**\*\*Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tuk\*\***

Master Chief jerked awake.

He was out of his armor, lying on a cot.

**\*\*Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tuk\*\***

Groaning with dull pain, John rolled off the cot and rose to his feet.

He was clothed in basic UNSC barracks T-Shirt, and shorts.

Grabbing his pained side his half walked, half stumbled out of the tent he was in.

Outside it was still dark. Still night time.

There were four of those new Spartans.

In armor, three were squatting around a small fire.

With his armor removed, another was servicing his armor.

**\*\*Tu-tu-tu-tu-tuk \*\***

The Spartans stopped, looked to where the gunshots had come from, and judged that the sound of the shots were not UNSC, and ignored the sounds.

"Heyâ€|" John weakly called out, waving his free hand.

"Oh Heck, hey the Chief's up" The unarmored Spartan called up to the others.

The others started to say something, but John cut them off.

"What about those shooters?"

"What about them? The sound pitch is wrong. Defiantly not UNSC." The green Spartan with white details said.

"I know those guns." Chief stated.

The Green and white Spartan changed posture to a posture that Chief recognized as disbelief.

"Personal Automatic Rifles, 8.5mm. The Lizards I was leading had them."

"Lizards?" The Spartan leader asked, disbelievingly, thinking that the Master Chief, the universal image of the Spartans, both the originals and the new generation, had lost it.

"The ship I was on, it came into the orbit of a planet inhabited by sapient lizards. Then the Covenant attacked and I led a strike team to-"Chief was cut off by

**\*\*Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tuk\*\***

"Fine, We'll help you get your 'lizard team' back Chief, and only because you're the Master Chief."

"Thank yo-"

"Yay! We get to work with the freaking Master Chief!" The female voice from earlier shrieked.

The green and white Spartan face palmed.

"We'll help you, but you don't have any armor." The leader said.

"I use my own."

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)

**\*\*Unknown place, Unknown time, under attack.\*\***

Ristin finished his magazine.

Looking around, he spotted the ammo bag the Chief had given him when the team entered the ship.

In an urge, he reached into it.

His finger claws struck something hard, large, and metal.

He pulled it out. In his hands, was a massive silver pistol. One with a heavy, weighted nose; and a hand/ knuckle guard

It was the Master Chiefs pistol.

Ristin did as he'd seen the Chief do, pulling back the slide.

A huge bullet slid into the chamber.

Ristin reached back into the bag, and found several magazines for it.

"Ristin, that one on the right is too close."

Ristin raised the pistol, pointed, and squeezed.

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)

**\*\*Spartan camp. Unknown Time.\*\***

THBOOM!

The loud echo of a M6D rang out, the sound unmistakable.

"There, that should do it" one of the Spartans- Royce- said, engaging

the last of Chief's armors seals.

'Thigh weapon compartment open' John thought through the suit.

The compartment in question opened.

John-the Master Chief- pulled out the M7 SMG.

"Let's go."

**\*\*Unknown place, unknown time. Under attack\*\***

THBOOM!

The charging reptile died.

Two more replaced it.

THBOOM!

The big pistol lurched in Ristins tight grip.

The reptile stumbled, took a confused step- like it didn't understand what the fist sized hole in its chest meant- then fell over dead.

Before the pistol finished jerking up, Ristin was already shifting his aim to the next reptile.

THBOOM!

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)

**\*\*Inroute to Lizards.\*\***

Chief, despite his wrecked suite, stalked through the darkness of the forest just as silently as the other Spartans.

THBOOM! THBOOM!

Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu-tuk!

Chief's HUD was a mess. The team status lights, motion sensor, and shield bar were the only things still functioning, due to the fact that those items were on the edge of the visor.

Chief was forced to use the iron sights on the SMG.

The status light for Bell, the Spartan scout, flashed yellow.

'Chief, twenty plus contacts in clearing ahead, I count 3 of those lizards, one standing, two down, lots of dead contacts.'

O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)O)

**\*\*Unknown place.\*\***

Ristin slid the last magazine into the pistol. 8 shots left.

Suddenly, a reptile leaped at Ristin before he could bring the pistol to bear.

PUAM!

The head of the leaping reptile blew off.

BUA-BUA-BUA-BUA-BUAM!

More sounds of automatic weapons roared from around the clearing, reptiles falling, some retreating.

Bur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur-ur!

A sound like ripping cloth.

An armored figure stepped out into the clearing.

Ristins first thought was: 'Chief?'

'No, not Chief, the gold screen is different, different shape and different size, and the armor is not as covering.' This thought caused Ristin to whip up the pistol.

'Not that this pistol will match against that assault rifle'

More armored persons entered the clearing, covering the tree line.

One of the persons stepped forward, toward Ristin and the downed males of the Race.

One who's armor was broken, dented, bent, and torn.

The Master Chief.

\_\*\*Please R&R\*\*\_

## 15. Chapter 15

\*\*Last timeâ€|\*\*

Ristin slid the last magazine into the pistol. 8 shots left.

Suddenly, a reptile leaped at Ristin before he could bring the pistol to bear.

PUAM!

The head of the leaping reptile blew off.

BUA-BUA-BUA-BUA-BUAM!

More sounds of automatic weapons roared from around the clearing, reptiles falling, some retreating.

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One who's armor was broken, dented, bent, and torn.

The Master Chief.

0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0

**\*\*Spartan's Camp. Unknown time.\*\***

The Spartans lead Ristin back to their camp.

The Spartan that Chief had called "U-315" carried Gorppet and Ullhass.

Ristin looked closely at the other Spartans in the moon light.

They were smaller, their armor less intimidating.

They just didn't seem to be as good as Chief.

As they entered the Spartans camp, the Chief pointed the male of the Race to a tent.

Inside, Ristin found an unfolded sleeping thing.

He promptly removed his empty ammunition harness, utility belt, and then, since he had none, nor ever needed any clothing, he crawled into the bed thing.

0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0

**\*\*Spartan Camp.\*\***

"How is he?" John asked.

Stan, the team medic, answered as he applied Biofoam to the two

Lizards-of course, after asking if Biofoam was toxic to the Lizards.

"Slashes to the forearms, with serious lacerations to the chest," he said, indicating to Gorppet.

"Chipped hip bone, shattered arm, and imbedded glass to this soft area behind the eye-turret." Stan said, indicating to Ullhass.

John and Stan were silent for a moment as Stan worked.

"What were those things? Those reptile things?" John asked.

"We don't have a name for them yet." Stan started.

"Pointed snout, long tail. Stands about two meters tall, and about three meters long. They're reptilian, but warm-blooded. They have dexterous hands, with opposable thumbs, and killing claws on hands and feet."

"They have a distributed nervous system, so when you hit them, they don't feel it for a few precious seconds. Even if you kill the brain, the body keeps on moving for a second or two."

"And their teeth and claws are made of something we've never seen before. It's not metal, but it might as well be; it cuts through steel and even the titanium from our suites."

Stan finished working on Gorppet, and removed his helmet.

"If you don't mind mine asking sir, how **\*\*did\*\*** you fall-in with those Lizards?"

John was silent for a moment, thinking of how to answer the question.

"Have you heard of the frigate \_Forward unto Dawn\_?" John asked, answering a question with a question.

"Yeah, it was in the Battle of the Ark, back in 2552. It was cut in two when the replacement Halo fired, causing the Portal between Earth and the Ark to close, and sending the aft haft, with you, Master Chief, to parts unknown."

John filled in the missing part.

"The \_Dawn\_ drifted until it came into a decaying orbit around a desert world. A desert world inhabited by sapient reptilian lizards."

"Cortana woke me, and shortly after, the lizards launched a nuke at the \_Dawn\_."

Stan blinked.

John chuckled.

"Turns out, the Lizards thought the \_Dawn\_ was a large metallic asteroidâ€¦"

0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0

**\*\*Spartan Camp, later.\*\***

"â€| and after that, the Elites Slipspace jump must have dropped the Lizards and I here." John concluded.

The other Spartans had gathered around him as he told his story, and now sat, squatted, or stood in silence.

Tom, the Leader, spoke.

"So, the Rampagant AI Cortana is still in control of the Lizards home world systems, and has lost the one object that has kept her in a semblance of sanity. And the Covenant has found the Lizards Home."

"No, Cortana isn't Rampagant. Now, before we do anything else, one of you help me out of this suite."

0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0

**\*\*Spartan .\*\***

Dang Sir, how'd you mess up a Mark Six Armor so badly?"

"Pardon?" asked John.

"These Mark 6s are supposed to be nearly indestructible. A Spartan could fell from orbit, land, and just get back up and keep going."

"Well, it ain't quite like that, it's more like, falling, falling, pump up you gel-layer pressure to the max, then you hit, and you get knocked out for a while." John said.

0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0)0

**\*\*127th Emperor Hetto, Bannership of the Conquest Fleet.\*\***

"So, what's the situation Cortana?" asked Fleetlord Atvar.

\_"The Capitol City is still in shambles. Reports have civilian casualties at 13,000." \_She started.

\_"The Emperor is still missing." \_

\_"Out of 152 Star Ships, three have been damaged or destroyed, not counting the 127th Emperor Hetto." \_

\_"Out of 45,000 Males of the Race deployed to combat the Covenant, approximately 8,000 are KIA. Another 200 are still MIA." \_ Cortana finished her report.

Atvar sighed, picking at the cast on his right arm, from where, when the ship was hit, and Atvar thrown against the wall, where a piece of railing had landed on him when the ship was turned on its side.

"So what is it? Would this be a win, or a loss? Compared to your



humans?" Atvar asked glumly.

"\_Truly Fleetlord?"\_ Cortana started. \_"This would be considered an outstanding victory."\_

"Really?" Atvar asked.

\_"Yes Fleetlord. A Covenant Cruiser, against Pre-FTL ships, that lacked any kind of armor, any kinetic weapons, or any shielding; against an army that was untrained for this type of warfare, and your kind came out wining."\_

\_"But there will be more"\_ Cortana continued darkly.

"We shall defeat them again" Atvar declared.

"\_You may, but the Race defeated any a single Cruiser-a small one at that. The Covenant had fleets that outnumbered your own 10 to 1. The humans only ever won fleet to fleet battles, if they had a 3-to-1 advantage, and then, the sign that they won would be that they still had ships in operation."\_

"So you're saying that the Race cannot win an invasion?"

"\_Yes"\_

"Darn"

\_"But I will tell you what the Race can doâ€¦|"\_

\_"\*\*Please R&R.\*\*"\_

## 16. Chapter 16

\_"\*\*I don't own Halo, World War series, or any other that may or may not appear.\*\*"\_

\*\*Last Time:\*\*

"So, what's the situation Cortana?" asked Fleetlord Atvar.

"The Capitol City is still in shambles. Reports have civilian casualties at 13,000."

"The Emperor is still missing."

"Out of 152 Star Ships, three have been damaged or destroyed, not counting the \_127\_\_th\_\_ Emperor Hetto\_."

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"So you're saying that the Race cannot win an invasion?"

"Yes"

"Darn"

"But I will tell you what the Race can doâ€|"

**\*\*Spartan Base Camp. Unknown Planet. Unknown Date.\*\***

"Chief, HIGHCOM just radioed, we are to break off, and transport you, and your Lizards, to Earth," said Tom.

"Ok, where do we go?" asked John.

"Our teams' Pelican will come down, and meet you 2 klicks west of here."

00o0o0o0

The roar of the Pelicans' jet engines rattled around in John's helmet.

He looked to the Lizards.

'How much louder must it be for them?' he wondered.

The large ship settled onto the grassy clearing.

Tom turned to Chief, saluting.

"It's been an honor, sir."

"Likewise."

Chief made the Spartan smile, placing his index and forefinger on his-now broken-faceplate, where his mouth would be.

Tom returned the gesture.

"Good luck sir."

Chief, Ristin, Gorppet, and Ullhass turned and walked to the Pelican.

The hatch opened, and chief, Ristin, Gorppet, and Ullhass found themselves staring at many humans. Humans with a grey arm patch with the name \_ONI\_. The majority of these humans were aiming assault rifles at them.

Chief turned to the lizards.

"And now you see the intelligence branch of the UNSC. A few final words of advice: don't tell them about your home planet. Don't tell them about your technologies. They believe that the end result justifies whatever is done to get there. They will drain you dry. They will-"

"Hey! No talkin"

A lieutenant walked up.

He saluted.

Chief did not.

"Chief, if you'll follow me to the debriefing room."

"No." Chief said.

Everything froze. Everyone stared.

No one refused ONI. Not even Master Chief.

"Admiral Parangosky ordered a full debrief, Sir."

"I take my orders from Admiral Hood. Or whoever is in charge of UNSC HIGHFLEETCOM. If Parangosky is in charge, then I take my orders from the UHG." Chief stated.

"Who said for you to do that?" the lieutenant demanded.

"Lord Hood. He said 'don't trust ONI. You take your orders from me, HIGHCOM, or even the UHG, but not corrupted.'"

"My Debrief is for Lord Hood only." Chief said. "The Lizards too."

\*\*UNSC MAC Station New Houston. Earth Orbit. 12 days later.\*\*

"It's good to see you Chief."

"Likewise sir."

"I heard you made quite a fuss with ONI, Chief. Refusing a debrief."

"What I have to say, ONI would conceal and you, and everyone else would never hear about them."

"Sir, First Contact made." Chief said.

"ONI never said anything about that," Hood said.

"What would you expect from ONI?" Chief said.

"True"

"Describe them to me"

"I can do better than that. Ristin, Ullhass, Gorppet."

Hood stared in confusion at Master Chiefs' strange words. But his confusion ended a moment later, when three, child sized reptiles walked into his office.

The three lizards lined themselves up in rough version of a ready-line.

They wore nothing, but had elaborate paint designs on their chests.

"Admiral Hood, I present Squad Males Ristin, Gorppet, and Ullhass."  
"

"Ristin is the equivalent of Staff Sergeant, or Lance Corporal. Gorppet is definitely of the corporal of the group, while Ullhass is a private."

**\*\*Later...\*\***

"So the Arbiter would like me to accompany him on a mission?" John asked.

"Yes, he has put up some sort of expeditionâ€¦ though personally I think it has to do with his cousin." Hood said, becoming more subdued at the end.

"His cousin?" Chief asked.

"Yes, the Arbiters' cousin, a giant elite by the name of Ny'Kle, went MIA on the joint mission to the Forerunner planet Requiem." Hood said. "They encountered a creature, one that killed 8 of the Spartan IVs personally, and was responsible for the loss of 7 Elite, and 4 UNSC ships. Ny'Kle was killed, but the Arbiter claimed he wasn't. Not body was ever found." Hood snapped to and straightened himself.

"That doesn't matter. What does is that you're back, and the only way that's available to me, to keep ONI from dissecting you, and your new found friends, is to send you with the Arbiter. It's perfect. You get to get back in touch with the times; your Lizard friends get to be acclimatized to Humanity and non-hostile Elites. And you all get to go to parts unknown, and out of reach of ONI."

"Sir, any orders?" Master Chief asked standing up to attention.

"Yes, find some weapons suitable for the Lizards. I'll round something up for armor. I need you to acquaint yourself and the Lizards with the Elites, show them that Humanity has a new ally, and that the Elites and Humans have a chance to start anew. Show the Lizards that Humanity and the Elites will let nothing happen to the Race. And I'm raising you from Master Chief Petty Officer, to Master Chief Petty Officer of the Navy. As far as anyone except the Arbiter asks, you and the Lizards are taking orders from me. I'll not have a Spartan being ordered around by Lieutenants."

"That is all, Chief."

## 17. Chapter 17

"So the Arbiter would like me to accompany him on a mission?" John asked.

"Yes, he has put up some sort of expeditionâ€¦ though personally I think it has to do with his cousin." Hood said, becoming more subdued at the end.

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"That is all, Chief."

**\*\*New Houston Orbital MAC station, Lizard Quarters.\*\***

"Wow, so you got the Senior Weapons Officers to commission a new weapon just for us?" Gorppe asked.

Ullhass hefted the new MA5S, a quart-sized version of Chiefs MA5C, chambered for 12.7x45mm SAPHE.

"That 's not all"

All three Males of the Race froze and turned to the green giant.

The Spartan pointed to Ristins worn bodypaint, unkempt, unmaintained, and barely recognizable to Chief-who'd set the pattern/ranks to memory back on Home.

"You will receive official UNSC Male of the Race SOG bodypaint."

[illegible]

John led the Lizards to a different part of the MAC platform space station than any of the Lizards had ever been.

He had the Lizards stand in the center of the AI paint room, with their legs spread, arms straight out, and eyes closed.

Then one of the Stations Dumb AIs got to work.

○○○○○○○○○○

It was a strange feeling, Gorppet later said, having the AI apply combat body paint.

First, it applied a cleaning solvent, to clean their bodies of their old paint.

Then, it put on a coat of primer, so the new paint would stick. That smelled a lot.

It-the AI- put a base layer of matt black, followed by a layer of another chemical.

The machine worked fast, applying a full body coat to each male of the Race, from the top of their heads, down to the spaces between their toeclaws; faster than it took for any one of them to just apply paint to their own chests by themselves.

The whole process of applying this new "UNSC Combat SOG" bodypaint still took a large part of the day, far, far longer than even when they'd been first taught to paint themselves.

Finally, a long time after they'd started, the AIs robotic paint arms folded up, and a blast of warm, drying air from all directions dried the last of the paint, the Spartan told them to open their eyes.

○○○

John smiled under his helmet as the three Lizards twisted and turned, trying to see the extent of the new paint that Chief had chosen.

He'd picked ODST black and grey camouflage, and it covered the

Lizards everywhere. Down to every little wrinkle made by their scaly hide. Their bodies were completely covered, their arms, legs, chest, back, neck, head, face, and even their eye turrets and eye lids.

Before the Lizards could fully examine themselves, John guided them to another room of the Station.

[illegible]

The Spartan led Ristin and the others to another room.

An armor room.

The Males of the Race stared at the rows and rows of Human individual infantry male body armor.

Most were the more common green colored type that the Males had seen often while on the Humans Space station.

Others were of the more rare type, composed of multiple interlocking, black and dark grey armor, that of the Humans Special Operations Males.

The Master Chief steered the Males over to a secluded, screened off area in the back corner.

What awaited them awed them more than if the Emperor himself had stood before them.

Waiting behind the screen, were three, miniature versions of the Humans Spec Ops Males armor.

Smaller, looser, with more bend points.

Suites of armor meant for members of the Race.

## 18. Chapter 18

The Spartan led Ristin and the others to another room.

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The Master Chief steered the Males over to a secluded, screened off area in the back corner.

What awaited them awed them more than if the Emperor himself had





number of the Races troops. The same applied to captured Covenant weapons and vehicles.

Under several of his troop's recommendations, Atvar had ordered the Race's Infantry fired Anti-Land Cruiser Rockets and Missiles put on mass production.

The Emperor had ordered a new Soldiers Time, inducting thousands of Males and Females each day into the Race's military. All of the major cities and towns were being fortified.

All of this had happened over the span of nearly a month.

Atvar was truly astounded at the change. The Race never changed at any kind of real speed. And for the Race to go from a species where there would be no visible change from one century to another, to a full blown militaristic race, was almost frightening to Atvar.

All they could do now was wait and prepare.

Atvar had a thought, and turned to Cortana.

"What if, the Covenant does not come?"

"That may happen. If that eventuality happens, then the Empire of the Race will have to make contact with the UNSC, the Human military and government. The Humans can help the Race rebuild and advance, and make itself into a proper interstellar power."

"What about the changes to the Race? The Race never changed very fast. Our technology and culture advanced alongside each other. Now, our technology has stood still, and our culture has gone to that of a militaristic primitive group. That is change that has changed the very nature of what makes the Race what it is. We change very slowly. We are careful when we do something new. Before this all started, if I had gone into cold sleep for a hundred years, when I awoke, we would still have the same technologies."

Cortana took some time to make a reply.

"What I have done, I have done to ensure the longer existence of the species of the Race. So that there will be a Race that has to worry about fixing its cultural problems after the Covenant attacks in retaliation for the Race destroying one of its ships."

"So we have had to change the very stuff that makes the Race what we are, just to exist in the larger galaxy?"

"Yes Atvar. The Humans were a species of idealistic, individualistic, opportunistic, war loving people. After 27 years, 54 of your years, of fighting the Covenant, do you know what the Humans are?"

Atvar sighed.

"No Cortana I do not know, but I have a feeling that you are going to tell me."

"Very right you are Atvar. After 54 of your years of fighting the Covenant, the Humans are a ragged group of military governed, war beaten people, that will fight to the last person, that face odds

that would frighten you, because they are out matched in every way. The only things that the Humans have going for them, are their magnetic mass accelerators and their fetish with nuclear weapons."

\*\*Date: [June 9, 2558]\*\*

\*\*Docking observation deck, New Houston MAC station.\*\*

"So that's the New Dawn?" Chief asked out loud.

The Spartan stood at attention in his armor. It had been fixed to an extent.

The three Lizards, no not lizards, the three Males of the Race stood in the Races version of attention beside him.

They were out fitted in modified ODST armor. Ballistic armor, automatic Biofoam injectors, biometric status (the Health Bar), and VISR (the Night Vision Thingy), the whole nine yards.

Their ship, the New Dawn, was a heavy Frigate. Two MACs, some new cannons, some Archer Missiles, and a new design, one that combined the bow deflector armor of a Heavy Destroyer, with the large engines and hangar of a Frigate.

The captain stepped up beside them.

"Yep, that's it. It's a new design idea, with the sloped front end of a destroyer, to go charging in, guns blazing. That's good and all, but I don't want to test out how well that works, yah know?"

The Captain of the New Dawn was an ex- ODST platoon commander, who had been promoted greatly due to his actions on Reach, the initial battle of New Mombasa, the second battle of New Mombasa, the battle of the Ark, and for his actions on Requiem, where he played part as a senior ODST commander on the UNSC Infinity.

His name was E. Buck.

"I'm Captain Buck, captain of the New Dawn." He held out a hand to shake.

Master Chief didn't. Typical.

Ristin was the first of the Males of the Race to take the hand. He started introductions via a translation unit.

"I am Ristin, former Infantry Fighting Male of the Race, present Special Operations Infantry Group Leader of the Race, part of the 'U-N-S-C' Military. To my left is Gorppet, former Special Situation Response Fighting Male of the Race. To my right is Ullhass, former Infantry Fighting Male of the Race."

Captain Buck set his face and thought over this.

"Ok. Well I haven't ever seen one of your kind before, so I guess that explains all of the extra ONI people hanging around."

John stepped closer to the man.

"Captain, I have orders from Lord Hood that these aliens are to not have any contact with ONI, or any ONI personnel. These orders come directly from Fleet Admiral Hood."

Captain Buck nodded. "Roger that," he said.

He looked from face to face. "Let's get a move on then."

**\*\*I'm back.\*\***

**\*\*Sorry for the short chapter and the long wait, for any of you who've been reading this story.\*\***

**\*\*I got caught up with some of my other stories.\*\***

**\*\*Please Read and Review.\*\***

End  
file.